

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by
THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES.

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

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WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest hands are men!

Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.

God, who counts by souls not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned—
Fed and fattened on the same,—

By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.

God, whose world heard—voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

The Legislature of California have
passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 for
establishing a Deaf and Dumb Asylum
in that state.

SILENT INFLUENCES.

Who can tell the power of silent in-
fluences? They are so silent and un-
perceived, gaining possession, as if by
magic, of the very souls of men! Every
one is influenced by his associates, and
he exerts also an influence over those as-
sociates. If all influences were good, all
would be well; but it is not so. How
many, especially of the young, have been
made the victims of evil influences! Sur-
round a child with good companions
and as long as he is influenced by such
persons alone, so long will that child's
character remain unsullied, but allow one
wicked person to associate with him,
though it be long before any change is
perceived; yet that evil influence will
corrupt all former good principles, and
ruin the character that once seemed so
promising.

What an influence the example of
Washington has had upon the character
of very many, and will have for ages to
come! The endearing influences of
home can never be forgotten by those
who have been blessed by that endearing
spot on earth. There, where loved ones
dwell—a retreat from the busy world, it
soothes the weary heart and calms the
agitated mind. There is music in the
word, and whilst we whisper it, we long
to be there.

Language cannot express the power of
a mother's influence. Many a criminal
has been arrested in the midst of his
wickedness by the remembrance of his
mother's teachings, that one who so ten-
derly cared for him; who kindly reproved
him when he erred, and with tears be-
sought him to do right; the thought of
her tears and sighs comes vividly before
him, and in penitence he bows his head
and weeps. A teacher's influence is
very great; the change of his counten-
ance, the tones of his voice, his very step,
have an effect upon his pupils. A gen-
tle word, a pleasant smile has often done
much good, when a long course of rea-
soning has been of no effect. Then
speak gently, 'tis better far, to rule by
love than fear.

Our own personal influence is of no
small importance. Every word we utter,
every action we perform bears with it a
lasting impression to those around us.
And when we think that those who are
influenced by us, each in turn influence
many others, and so on till the end of
time, we should be constantly watching,
lest we should do evil unawares. Let
every one then strive that by his life
he may shed an influence upon those
around him that will ever be remembered
with pleasure, by those who have felt the
influence of his daily conduct.

THE CONTENTED FARMER.—Once
upon a time, Frederick, king of Prussia,
surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and
espied an old farmer plowing his acre by
the way side cheerfully singing his mel-
ody.

"You must be well off, old man," said
the King. "Does this acre belong to
you, on which you so industriously la-
bor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who
knew not that it was the King. "I am
not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?"
asked the King, further.

"Eight grochen," (about twenty
cents) said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the King,
"can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."
"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said, "Well, if
I must tell you; two grochen are for
myself and wife; with two I pay my old
debts; two I lend away, and two I give
away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot
solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said
the farmer. "I have two old parents
at home, who kept me when I was weak
and needed help, and now that they are

weak and need help, I keep them. This
is my debt toward which I pay two
grochen a day. The third pair of gro-
chen, which I lend away I spend for my
children, that they may receive Chris-
tian instruction. This will come handy
to me and my wife when we get old.
With the last two grochen I maintain
two sick sisters, whom I would not be
compelled to keep—this I give for the
Lord's sake."

The King well pleased with this an-
swer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man.
Now I will give you something to guess,
Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see
me fifty times, and carry in your pocket
fifty of my likenesses."

"That is a riddle which I cannot un-
ravel," said the farmer,

"Then I will do it for you," replied
the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket and
counting out fifty brand-new gold pieces
into his hand, stamped with his royal
likeness, he said to the astonished farm-
er, who knew not what was coming—

"The coin is genuine, for it also
comes from our Lord God, and I am his
paymaster. I bid you adieu,"—*German
Reformed Messenger.*

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A man never knows what he is capa-
ble of until he has tried his powers.
There seems to be no bound to human
capacity. Insight, energy and will, pro-
duce astonishing results. How often
modest talent, driven by circumstances
to undertake some formidable looking
work, has felt his own untold and hith-
erto unconscious powers rising up to
grapple and to master, and afterward
stood amazed at his own unexpected
success!

Those circumstances, those people,
enemies and friends, that provoke us to
any noble or manly undertaking, are our
greatest benefactors. Opposition and
persecution do more for a man than any
seemingly good fortune. The sneers of
critics develop the latent fire of the
young poet. The anathemas of the an-
gry church inflame the zeal of the re-
former. Tyranny, threats, torture, raise
up heroes and martyrs, who might other-
wise have slept away slothful and
thoughtless lives, never dreaming what
splendid acts and words lay buried in
their bosoms. And who knows but the
wrongs of society are permitted, be-
cause of the fine gold which is beaten
out of the crude ore of humanity?

Here is the truth worth considering.
Are you in poverty? have you suffered
wrong? are you beset by enemies? Now
is your time. Never lie there, depressed
and melancholy! Spend no more time
in idle whining! Up, like a lion! Make
no complaint, but if difficulty fights you,
roar your defiance. You are at school,
this is your necessary discipline, pov-
erty and pain are your masters—but use
the powers God has given you, and you
shall be master at last. Fear of failure
is the most fruitful cause of failure.
Stand firm and you will not fail. What
seems failure at first is a discipline.
Accept the lesson; thus the grand re-
sult; up and up again; strike again;
and you shall always gain, whatever the
fortune of to-day's or to-morrow's bat-
tle.

SKILL IN EVERYTHING.

Mr. A. is a farmer, and nothing else.
If a strap breaks in a harness, he sends
two miles to get it mended; If a horse's
leg is bruised, he will not treat it him-
self, but sends for a farrier. His bee-
hives need repairing, and he hires a car-
penter to do what a very little skill would
enable him to do for himself. He can-
not even mend an old sled, or repair a
broken-back rake, without foreign aid.
He is a farmer. He keeps his imple-

ments in good condition, too, but it is at
great expense.

Mr. B. is another sort of a man. He
is as good a farmer as Mr. A.; but he is
limber and elastic too. All the little jobs
about the house he does himself, or
teaches his boys to do. He can roof a
house; he can hoop a barrel, or he can
dig and wall a well. He can build a
sled, put a spoke into a wagon wheel,
graft or bud a fruit tree, or make a new
harness out of an old one, with an awl,
a waxed end and a piece of leather. If
he attends a fair, he sees the point in the
improvements that are on exhibition, and
he can apply many of them to his own
work without any further aid.

We will go but a little further. Our
readers will see what we are at. We
hope they will themselves be, and bring
up their sons to be, men who will have
some skill in everything.

Here are some reasons for this recom-
mendation, which we will give at the
risk of making this article a little longer.

1. Almost every farmer will need
this kind of skill. Not one in a
thousand will live so near a village where
are skillful mechanics, as to be able to
use their aid at all times. Fewer still
will farm on so large a scale as to em-
brace all these trades in the force em-
ployed on their own grounds. He will
need some skill himself.

2. Such skill renders its possessor
independent. The sense of such inde-
pendence is a great comfort. Its exer-
cise is sometimes a great advantage.

3. It saves a great amount of time
and money. We knew a man who lost
a whole day's time and several dollars in
money in the following way: A part of
the harness was taken away. He had
not enough tact and skill to repair it
with a piece of rein or halter.

4. It will develop talent in many per-
sons, where it now slumbers useless and
powerless. The exercise in mechanical
skill, furnished by the farm, has awakened
the mind of many a youth, who has
ripened into a noble, skillful mechanic
and artist.

But we have said enough. Give the
boys and girls a good chance to cultivate
their powers in a practical way. You
can never predict what treasures you will
find. So argues the Ohio Farmer.

June Blossoms.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

A good woman in Jersey was sadly
annoyed by a termagant neighbor, who
often visited her and provoked a quarrel.
She at last sought the counsel of her pas-
tor, who added sound common-sense to
his other good qualities. Having heard
the story of her wrongs, he advised her
to seat herself quietly in the chimney
corner when next visited, take the tongs
in her hands, and look steadily into the
fire, and whenever a hard word came
from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the
tongs, without uttering a word.

A day or two afterwards, the woman
came again to her pastor, with a bright
and laughing face, to communicate the
effect of this new antidote for scolding.
Her troubler had visited her, and, as
usual, commenced her tirade. Snap
went the tongs. Another volley. Snap.
Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the
termagant, more enraged.

Snap.
"Do speak; I shall die if you don't
speak," and away she went, cured of her
malady by the magic of silence.

It is poor work scolding a deaf man.
It is profitless beating the air. One-
sided controversies do not last long,
and generally end in victory for the sil-
ent party.

The late Lawrence Johnson, type
founder, of Philadelphia, Pa., left by
will, among other bequests, \$1000 to the
Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf
and Dumb.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

MR. EDITOR:—I saw in the May
number of the "Guide" a story enti-
tled "Speech without words," inserted,
I suppose, with a view to give the read-
ers an opportunity to judge whether it is
expedient for hearing people to learn
and use the mute alphabet; I think it
was a wonderful escape.

Mr. Editor; what do you think of the
resolution passed in the last Convention
of Instructors of Deaf Mutes, at Jack-
sonville, Ill., in which they took upon
themselves to warn the public against
purchasing the mute alphabet of any
mute peddlers, whom they term "va-
grants?"

I want to tell you some instances in
my thirty years of experience and ex-
periment. Mute visitors have, at differ-
ent times, come and staid with us some
days—one picture drawer from the Har-
ford Asylum; one book and mute alpha-
bet seller from the same; one book and
alphabet seller from New York; one
picture painter from Kentucky; and sev-
eral others from distant parts. I called
them idle visitors. When any of my
mute friends call and make a short and
pleasant visit, it is different, and I am
both pleased and willing to have them
come.

My first experiment to stop the said
idle visitors was to charge them more
for their board than it was worth, and
invite others, who had no apparant busi-
ness, to work on my farm and pay their
board; this course soon put a stop to
their visits and thus ended my experi-
ence with vagabonds; I have not been
troubled with them since.

Do not you think that a private exper-
iment is better than a public denuncia-
tion, like that issued by the last Con-
vention of Instructors?

EXPERIENCE.

We have expressed our views on the
subject in the May number, and except
to commend the course of action pursued
by "Experience," have nothing more to
add. (Ed.)

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—The battle of
life, in by far the greatest number of
cases, must necessarily be fought up
hill; and to win it without a struggle
were perhaps to win it without honor.
If there were no difficulties, there would
be no success; if there were nothing to
struggle for, there would be nothing to
be achieved. Difficulties may intimi-
date the weak, but they act only as a
stimulus to men of pluck and resolution.
All experience of life, indeed, serves to
prove that the impediments thrown in
the way of human advancement may for
the most part be overcome by steady,
good conduct, honest zeal, activity, per-
severance, and above all by a deter-
mined resolution to surmount difficulties
and stand up manfully against misfor-
tune.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE. Mr. Pot-
ter, of West Bethel, Me., was walking
on the railroad track at that place while
a freight train was coming up
behind him. The wind blew so violently
that Mr. Potter could not hear the sound
of the train or of the whistle. He was
struck by the cow-catcher and the loco-
motive and ten cars passed over him.
He was taken out from under the last
car and, strange to say, it was found
that all the injuries he had sustained
were a scalp wound on the head, and
the breaking of one of his arms. This
is one of the most extraordinary railroad
escapes we have heard of.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE,

AND
DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1860.

ERRATA. In the "Trip to Mackinac," in our last issue; for "the scenery on the St. Clair, in the vicinity of Port Huron, the Canada side, &c." read "The scenery on the St. Clair, in the vicinity of Port Huron, on the Michigan and Sarnia, on the Canada Side, &c."

NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES.

NOTICE.

The next Convention of this Association will meet at Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, September 12, 1860. Persons desiring to attend will confer a favor on the Committee of Arrangements by arriving in Hartford, on Tuesday, (11th) thereby enabling them to complete the arrangements for comfort and convenience without interfering with the business of Wednesday.

Arrangements will be made with Railroad and Steamboat Lines for the transportation of those attending, on reasonable terms; full particulars in the July No. of the 'GUIDE.'

The Committee hope for a full attendance and pledge themselves to do all in their power to make the occasion a profitable one to all.

In behalf of the Committee,
WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Chairman.

During the past month we enjoyed the pleasure of a trip to New Hampshire. We visited Manchester and Concord, where we found all our mute friends well, and then proceeded to West Henniker, N. H., the residence of Thomas Brown, Esq., the President of our Association; he was busy on his extensive farm, and we made ourselves at home. His wife had been confined to her bed since November last, but we were pleased to find that she was gradually improving and that, with proper care and attention, she stood a fair chance of recovery. We visited the Sash and Blind Factory of our mute friend, J. E. Livingston, at Henniker, and found him doing a good business; he had but recently set up, but already had his hands pretty full. He occupies the upper story of a building owned and used by Wm. B. Swett, another mute friend of ours, for a saw mill; it is a splendid mill privilege, the best, we were informed, in the county, and commanding a good run of custom. Mr Swett's family consists of his wife, a mute, and three promising children, the oldest of whom is a mute, like her parents. Mr Swett was the inventor and proprietor of the well known Diorama 'The Battle of Lexington.' He travelled with it extensively, and then sold it to some gentlemen who were concerned in the 'show' business. We understood that his leisure time, of which he at present has but little, was occupied in making another Diorama, which promised to eclipse his previous work. It is to be a naval subject; we saw one of the vessels, a full rigged man-of-war, which reflected great credit upon his knowledge of such matters and was a model of perfection in its various parts.

We visited most of the mutes resident in Henniker, there being about a dozen of them, and found them all doing well in their respective occupations. Most of them are more or less related to each other by marriage or otherwise. In the Brown family, deafness seems to be hereditary, as for three generations all have been deaf and dumb, and to do them justice, all of them have more than ordinary talents, notwithstanding their misfortune.

After a pleasant visit of a week, we returned home and went about our business, said business being, just then, to get up the June No. of the 'Guide'—if it is a little late in being issued, our subscribers will please charge it to the fact that its Editor went off on a time.

We desire to return thanks to the Superintendent of the Concord, Manchester and Lawrence Railroad, for favors received, and to various other parties for their efforts to render our trip pleasant.

DEAF MUTES.

The Editor of the Pittsburg Union had a deaf mute compositor in his office and gives his experience thereof, with a few ideas of his own.

It is one of the happy results of the necessity for a division of labor that there is

hardly a single misfortune, short of a total deprivation of reason or physical power, that will prevent the subject of it from obtaining by his industry an honest livelihood. The old ferryman that Maryatt has immortalized in the life of Jacob Faithful, which we firmly believe to be an authentic history, found it greatly to his advantage to be deaf on duty, and to hear as well as other people when off. The education of the blind and of the deaf and dumb has made it manifest that they are capable of mastering some trades and occupations to such an extent as to be, not only able to make money, but even to compete advantageously with men who possess all their senses.

As an instance, we have in our composing room, a young man, deaf and dumb, who sets up an equal amount with the most experienced compositors, and does his work with accuracy and diligence. In addition to this, he never quarrels with other boys in the room—never interrupts them with frivolous conversation, and never avers anything that he is not ready to put in writing. Besides, he is found to be invaluable in another point; and it is with this view that we recommend the employment of a few mutes as compositors in every printing establishment. It avoids all question as to the origin of typographical errors. Is a piece of editorial turned into nonsense by a heterogeneous conglomeration of all the paragraphs composing it after they are all set up and proved? "The deaf and dumb boy did it." Of course he did—all the boys say so, and he does not have the hardihood to deny it. Is an advertisement for a "lost dog" changed into a five dollar reward for the "last day"—who did it but the deaf and dumb boy? The vile slanders do not reach his ears. He is as happy as Othello would have been if he "had nothing known," and the real offender is spared the annoyance of a lecture. We sometimes envy him. But as our enemies generally put their vile trash in print, it would not help the matter much so far as we are concerned, to exchange places with the deaf compositor.

FRANCIS McDONNELL, THE MUTE ARTIST.

The *Cleveland National American* contains the following notice of a deaf mute artist in that city. We do not remember having heard of Mr. McDonnell before, but as the statement of the 'American' is endorsed by a Cleveland mute, we insert it. Any one knowing more of the gentleman, will confer a favor by addressing us.

Passers by on the north side of Superior street, may have noticed in the show window of Messrs. Myers, Uhl & Co., an oil painting representing a strikingly fine and expressive face, and have been led to wonder who was its original. It is the portrait of Francis McDonnell, a mute artist, and for some months past an employee in the extensive marble works of Messrs. Myers, Uhl & Co.

Mr. McDonnell, an Irishman by birth, lost his hearing and speech at the age of four years, through an attack of fever.

In his early youth he exhibited a remarkable faculty for drawing, and attracted the attention of his friends and amateurs in his art, who incited him on by kindly encouragements to perfect his taste and skill in drawing and sculpture. From the Royal Dublin Society's Modeling School he was sent to London for a wider field of study, when his health becoming impaired by over application he came to this country in 1853.

It is his career in Cleveland, as an artist in sculpture, we wish to do with particularly in this article, and we are prepared to say in this connection that Mr. McDonnell stands in the front rank with the most eminent in his art in this country. One of the merchant princes of New York, Mr. Morton, brother of Hon. D. O. Morton, late deceased, of Toledo, left our city last week, after leaving an order with Messrs. Myers, Uhl & Co. for a marble bust of his brother, as also a copy of a beautiful piece of statuary now on exhibition at No. 179 Superior street.

Mr. McDonnell has furnished two of our prominent citizens with marble busts of Webster that are much praised for their artistic worth and merit, and a few months since he completed a most exquisite statuette of the daughter of George P. Smith, of our city—the young lady who died in so sudden a manner from heart disease some years ago.

We have also been shown a most beautiful bust of the daughter of Amasa Stone, Jr., said to be perfect in its truthfulness to the original.

The crowning work, however, of "our artist," and that which is just completed, is

the piece of statuary executed for our esteemed townsman, Selah Chamberlain, Esq., and representing his little son—an only child—who was removed by death a few years ago. The figure is made to recline on a lounge, as if asleep; his little boot lies carelessly by the side of the foot, the favorite whip is thrown down, and lying by his side, with its fore feet interlaced naturally with the arm of the little sleeper, is the figure of the faithful dog that loved his young master so well when alive. For faultless arrangement and beauty of expression, combined with the most perfect tracery of the delicate embroidery of the couch and garments of the child, we challenge the production of its superior, if equal, in our best collections of art in this country.

There have been several requests for copies of the production, but which, under the circumstances, will hardly be granted. Gentlemen from the East, and connoisseurs of art, have pronounced it the finest triumph of genius in their knowledge or acquaintance.

RESPONSIBILITY OF DEAF MUTES.

Our readers may remember that, in a late number of our paper, we noticed the trial of a deaf mute for murder, in the South. Since that time, we find in a Southern paper, a communication from a deaf mute; we give below, such part of it, as in our judgment bears upon the case.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I see an extract in the 'American' of the 27th ultimo, from the North Carolina 'Standard,' concerning a trial of a deaf mute for murder in Granville county, headed, 'Is a Deaf Mute Responsible for his Acts,' for which I ask your indulgence for some remarks. It seems Harris, a mute, had murdered one Fowler, and was sent to the Lunatic Asylum, as insane. I do not observe that his insanity is predicted on the symptoms of it, and not on the sweeping charge and tacit admission that all deaf mutes are to be regarded as lunatics! Let the latter conclusion may be the fact, I protest against so general a libel against my class of citizens of the country, many, if not most of whom, for unblemished lives, reason, piety, can compare with any other class of the people. I think this murder is about the only instance for thousands of years in which a mute had slain; and certainly the Court did not accord, it is obvious, to the unfortunate Harris the liberty of trial to discourse the facts from the merits of the case; but he is overcharged with the charge of insanity, based on his deafness! and unconsciously placed in Bedlam. At least from what can be gathered from the extract noticed, this is the legitimate conclusion.

The idea, then, is, that all deaf mutes are insane and irresponsible for their conduct! This is a mistake, and will not do to be indulged.—It cuts me and my class, as people, from all rights of citizenship, responsibilities, and from that respect which is based on them.

Deaf persons, having but recently been cared for and educated, have now, as human beings, come upon the stage of life—and in general, if not universally, are living quite harmlessly. Antiquity seems to have no record of them, except a notice of Aristotle, that they were born monsters, and like other monsters, should experience in early life the Spartan usage with deformed children. Christianity, from the days of the Abbe D' L'Epee has done better for the unfortunates. But after making a cycle of improvement, drawing the deaf and dumb into notice, and educating them, why should christianity pause, deny them much nourishment, and stigmatise them as insane? It is unfair, cruel and unjust! Why, there was some years, ago, a law made by the Legislature of Georgia, classifying, or in its terms "making deaf and dumb persons idiots in law and providing them guardians." It is as to nine tenths of us, that are educated, superfluous; and to more than half that are uneducated, no less so. A deaf mute is better apt to take care of his property, than another man would be apt to do it for him. I more recently petitioned the General Assembly to have this law altered or so corrected as not to mean the deaf mutes, without qualification. A committee reported that "the law was intended for such mutes as cannot take care of their property." Why, then, was it not so graduated, in its terms, as to imply the idiotic part of them, as other idiots?—Why was it made so vague and general as to embrace the deaf, as a class, and to, thus, necessarily leave us the general imputation of insanity, as if that mental affliction were our peculiarity, and to the contempt or underestimation of the world?

The fact is, insanity is a disease that is

exclusive of bodily imperfection. It is mental and attacks the man of the most perfect bodily powers, as soon as any one exhibiting a want of any personal faculty. It is not only cruel but criminal to make a wanton libel on any class of the people, by imputing what is not real, and from no cause but the unfortunate impediment of the ear!

The right way to have treated Harris, after this killing of Fowler, was just as the Law would treat any hearing man—that is, to discover the true merits or demerits of the circumstances; to find under what degree of crime this deed had come—whether as malignant murder, as manslaughter, or as justifiable homicide; to ascertain what Fowler did to induce a man, so naturally poor and humble, to resent so fearfully; and whether his resentment was what would justify the defence of any body. I fear Harris was imposed on and provoked beyond patience; and what would excuse a hearing man ought to have acquitted him; otherwise, if he unjustly, unnecessarily and cruelly killed Fowler, and having perception and reflection, both before and after that event, sufficient to render any murderer accountable, he ought to have been hung, without the exertion of judicial office, or of the venire, to throw an odium on a worthy class of unfortunate human beings?

A DEAF MUTE.

LIVINGSTON, May, 1860.

Mr. Editor:—In my communication in your May number, either from a slip of the pen or an error of the printer, the birth of Dr Kitto is made in 1704, instead of 1804. I have looked into the obituary notice in the *Annals* for January, 1855, and note that he was born at Plymouth, (England) December 4, 1804, lost his hearing by a fall from the top of a house, in Feb., 1819, (within a few days of the time when your correspondent lost his hearing by inflammation of the brain) and died in Germany, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, November 25, 1854. Those who desire further particulars, can refer to the *Annals*.

You speak of Don Pedro Velasco and his brother, pupils of Ponce, as brothers of the Constable of Arragon. By referring to Dr Peet's Memoir on the Early History of the Art of Deaf Mute Instruction, (*Annals*, Vol. III, p. 153, note) you will see that there is no mention of a constable of Arragon in connection with the pupils of Ponce, by any European writer. I suppose you were misled by a mistake of the late Mr. Rae. According to Dr Peet, the pupils of Ponce, as well as that of Bonet, were of the great house of Velasco, the head of which was for many generations hereditary constable of Castile.

I happen to have a copy of a work (in German) by a deaf mute, Otto Friedrich Kruse, which, besides a long dissertation on the character and condition, etc. of the deaf and dumb, gives brief biographical sketches of a number of eminent deaf mutes, chiefly Germans. These sketches were translated for the *Radii* perhaps twenty years ago, by the late Prof. J. A. Cary, (then of New York) but I suppose few of your readers have seen the series. I will give a list of the names of the Germans with a few particulars concerning each, as my contribution towards a general list of distinguished deaf mutes of all countries. The German book was published at Bremen, in 1832, and, of course, only gives those who lived before that time.

Boving. A merchant of Limburg, perhaps yet living, in 1832. He totally lost his hearing by sickness at a mature age, but by studying the motions of his own lips before a mirror, acquired such skill and facility in reading on the lips of others, that he could converse in German, Low Dutch or French, without those he had business with being aware of his deafness.

Andrew Grimm. Admitted in 1814 at the age of 22, as a pupil of the school for the Deaf and Dumb at Munich. He was remarkable for his early mechanical genius, and his skill in making and repairing clocks and watches.

J. C. F. L. Habermass. Born at Berlin, 1783, lost his hearing in childhood; and under the instruction of Dr. Eschke, acquired such facility both in speaking and reading on the lips, that he is often cited as one of the most remarkable examples of what can be done for the deaf. Mr. Mann, in his famous Report on the Schools of Europe, says that Habermass would converse with strangers without their having any suspicion of his deafness. But Mr. Day shows this to have been an exaggeration. Habermass was never married. He was a diligent and skillful

teacher, and died at the early age of 42, in April, 1826.

Margaretha Huttman, born in Holstein in 1789. A pupil, and afterwards a monitrice or assistant teacher in the Institution of Schleswig. She was a young woman of exemplary character, kind to her pupils, and skillful in household duties, and a perfect mistress of the language of pantomime. (The Germans, notwithstanding what travellers say, have to rely on pantomime about as much as we do.)

Anton Koster. An early pupil of the Institution of Schleswig (or Sleswick). Remarkable for his skill in all kinds of blacksmith's work, also skillful in conjuring or sleight of hand. In his youth he was anxious to marry, but could find no one to suit him. (Perhaps one suitable would not have a deaf mute, though he spoke distinctly, and heard a little with one ear.) He in old age became very devout, and almost a hermit.

Otto Friedrich Kruse. Born March 25, 1801, at Altona in Holstein. Lost his hearing by scarlet fever at the age of six. He had previously been taught his letters. The next year he was sent to the Deaf and Dumb Institution then at Kid, afterwards removed to Schleswig. He became a teacher in this Institution, and subsequently in that of Bremen, where his book was published. He belonged to the class of semi-mutes, and wrote the German language with correctness and facility.

Loper, a pupil of the distinguished Dr. Neumann, at Konigsberg in Prussia; admitted a pupil in 1818, selected as a teacher in 1825; he disappointed the hopes of his friends by an early death in 1829.

Luders, a native of Schleswig, and a pupil of the Institution there, remarkable for mechanical skill. He was much respected for his dutiful care of his aged mother, and his consistent piety.

Here I break off for want of time; next month I will endeavor to finish the list.

J. R. B.

MR. EDITOR:—With hopes for the kind indulgence of the inquirer in No. 1, in regard to hearing children in a mute family, I will give some instances which have fallen under my observation during the last thirty years.

In one family in my neighborhood, the parents are both semi-mutes, never educated at any school for the deaf and dumb; they talk with each other by the mouth, being able to read by the lips, and with their hearing children the same way. When talking with mutes, they use signs and the alphabet, and the children do the same. The children attend school and speak English very well.

In another family, both parents are mute, educated at Hartford; they had four children, one boy now dead; the oldest girl, when four years old, was taken to live with an aunt who has no children, some miles off. After a time she forgot signs, but remembered how to spell on the fingers. The other children, a boy and girl, twins, live at home. They talk well with their parents by signs and the alphabet; away from home and at school, they use English with friends and school mates. There is no perceptible difference between these twins and other children of the same age.

When in presence of hearing persons wishing to say something in private to each other, they will talk by signs, and in presence of their mute parents, wishing to do the same, they will talk to each other by mouth, so that, in either case, none but themselves know what is said.

The oldest girl could talk with her parents by signs very well, but would not talk with hearing persons until after she went to live with her aunt. She is now a first rate scholar. It was the same with the twins until they were about five years old, and began to go to District School. In my opinion it is well for children to know how to talk with their mute parents by signs and fingers, and also to be able to talk with hearing persons, as thereby a mutual advantage is obtained.

I remember to have visited a mute friend who had a hearing wife. He was an industrious man, and very correct in his deportment; his wife was a smart woman, and very kind. She could talk by signs very well. They had four children who heard and spoke well. To my surprise, they neither could talk by signs nor spell on their fingers; the only reason I can give for this is, that their father did not use the proper means to have them accustomed to use the language of signs or the alphabet. In another part of the same house, lived a brother of the above

man, himself a mute, and having also a hearing wife. His wife could spell on the fingers but used no signs; they had two children who could spell on the fingers only.

In another family, a hearing man has a mute wife, both good sign makers. They have one child, now grown up. A number of the child's uncles and aunts are mutes, living at some distance; he talks equally well by signs and fingers with his mute mother and with his father by mouth.

I would like to ask J. R. B. if his little girl, who takes most to spoken language, has an antipathy towards spelling on her fingers or making signs. How does she express her daily wants? I hope she spells on her finger like some other children of mute parents, in families with which I am acquainted.

EXPERIENCE.

"A SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES IN MASS."

MR. EDITOR:—The article by "J. I. F." in the April number of the "Guide" must for its candor, commend itself to all. The subject is discussed with a master hand, and although the points may be well taken as regards the southern states, they do not apply with any degree of force to the northern; particularly to Massachusetts.—Why not? Because Mass. has more than 500 mutes within her limits; and without invoking in any way the strong arm of the law, she would today have 100 in her school. Let the five other states of New England send their children to Hartford; let us then see how Hartford and our school will compare. Let the thing be tried, we say; for our part we abide the results. Besides the evils arising from collecting too many children together into one building, of making one common family of them all, our objections to Hartford are too strong and too numerous to be easily overcome. A calm discussion of the whole subject could not fail to convince the unprejudiced mind that Mass. is in the right. But the columns of the "Guide" are not the place for the introduction or discussion of all the facts which had to do with the movement in Mass. "One" Brown, in his antagonistic position to us on the question has to depend on wind, but we had rather take facts. This single article of Mr. F.'s will command more respect, more due consideration, and moreover will have more effect, than will ever all the windy declamations of all the brown demagogues that have sprouted into notoriety since the creation of the world.

There are Carlin, Homer, Chamberlain and all the great lights, on our side. But Mr. Editor, we will not pursue the subject.

The measure was defeated in the Legislature last winter, the question coming up while its friends, though few yet strong, were absent. Let it here rest for the present—for one, I shall always feel a deep interest in it, and shall, so far as my humble ability goes, leave no stone unturned to accomplish so desirable an end—"a consummation devoutly to be wished for!" By the way, Mr. Chamberlayne, we are glad to see, thinks as we do on all the important points introduced into our article on "Vagrancy among Deaf Mutes," in the February number. We would not fight over a few minor points. His communication was as interesting as it was instructive.

Raphael Palette's letters, too, are duly appreciated by the host of your readers. The great Dutch Rocking Chair, for great it indeed is becoming, I had the pleasure of inspecting and admiring last winter.

Why, our dinner bell is ringing, and I must shut off steam, for dinner is too important an institution to be treated slightly—so, my dear Editor, you may imagine dinner has the floor.

REYNARD.

Boston, May 27, 1860.

For the Gallaudet Guide.
THE TATTLER.

LETTER IV.

"The idea of glory is indivisibly uni-

ted to that of success and of an equal augmentation of happiness for the universe or for one's native country."
Raynal.

MR. EDITOR:—Such a sentiment as the above warms an American freeman's heart, while he contemplates the proud position which this great Republic occupies among the nations, as a nation that scorns to receive in her midst despotism which reigns supreme abroad, and whose spangled banner, floating on the breeze, proclaims freedom to the world. Behold how effulgently her military glory shines—how complete is her success in perpetuating her self-government, organized by her wisest statesman—how universal is the happiness of her people, enjoying their civic privileges and immunities of citizenship under the protecting wings of E Pluribus Unum, and expecting to participate in legislation! Under the ægis of benign Columbia her commerce teems with prosperity and wealth. Look around us and see how her harbors are whitened with the swelling sails of vessels, going to or returning from all parts of the globe; and her vast network of railroads groan under impetuous locomotive engines thundering over them, dragging trains of countless cars, laden, to their utmost capacity, with passengers and commodities of life, and the products of our industry! Her sciences and arts meet noble encouragement at the hands of Congress. In one word, as a nation, she stands the PRUS ULTRA of perfection! "Egad," exclaimed the facetious Rocking Chair, "a pretty effusion of patriotism."

Glowing all bright
And with heat white.

I recommend that little outburst of stump oratory of yours to electioneering orators' attention and study. A great country this. Well, my dear Tattler, Columbia knows no despotism, eh! I am sure you jest. She prides herself in military prowess, while her citizens are allowed to suffer every indignity which a weaker nation like Mexico can muster her ingenuity to devise? Are the Mormons not laughing contemptuously at the blustering thunders of our Federal Capital? Are our hostile Red Skins not now whooping war and scalps about the ears of our frontier Squatter Sovereigns?

The Tattler was dumbstruck; he could not gainsay those confounded matters of fact, thus thrust in, enough to soil the lustre of her escutcheon. He felt his "nob had got into chancery."

The Chair continued,—"The wonderful prosperity in business of our people is attributed, certainly not to the legislative actions of Congress, but to their own individual energy, perseverance and industry; and our personal security, to our policemen on duty. That's all, Sir."

"I've no doubt of that," answered the Tattler,—"but you must remember that the Federal Government has, on many occasions, been instrumental to the establishing of our commerce on so firm a basis as to ensure its success; and that the policemen, to whom we owe our security from evil-doers, are under their chiefs, and the chiefs act upon the instructions given them by the laws of their respective States. And the State Constitutions, under which are constructed our local laws, are in accordance with the spirit of the Federal Constitution."

"I fully concede the truth of your assertion," replied the Chair. "There's nevertheless, one thing which should not be overlooked. It is that there are in certain State Constitutions several articles which appear quite objectionable, if not contrary to the express clauses embodied in the Federal Magna Charta."

"The Federal Constitution, itself universally pronounced almost perfect, was formed by statesmen—the best that could be found in the land, with Washington at their head; and all the State

Constitutions, by statesmen of mediocre talents, and in several cases, I regret to say, guided by their own devotedness to the interests of their respective states."

"If all the State Constitutions were constructed in much more accordance with the spirit of the Federal Constitution, would our Union be stronger than it is to-day?"

"I doubt it would be so," replied the Tattler, "for the violent party spirit, pervading all the political parties, is so rampant and demagogism so rife, that I don't see how we can rely upon those Constitutional Documents for the permanent maintenance of peace throughout the country."

"Though dwelling in a land of freedom, it appears that we are existing in political elements, violently inimical to each other. To-day we see one party coming to loggerheads with another in such a manner as to threaten the dissolution of our Union."

"In my opinion," argued the Tattler, "our Republic owes her healthy state of being mainly to the vigorous competition of all the rival parties in obtaining the majority of suffrages to govern the land. This is on the same principle,—if I may so express myself,—of the coarse towel invigorating the human skin and of the gymnastics vivifying the blood. Admitting the necessity of contesting parties to vitalize her being, I must state that the names of the two prominent parties,—the 'Democrats' and 'Republicans,'—are misnomers."

"Why so?" asked the Chair. "Because every American citizen, either native or naturalized, is virtually a Democrat, exercising to the fullest his privileges, guaranteed to him by the Federal Constitution; and because he,—either of the North or the South,—is a republican, for he is a citizen of a republic."

"How can we give them more proper names?"

"This question is rather difficult to answer; but we might with some safety suggest such appropriate names as would tend to distinguish one from another according to their respective doctrines. As the name of 'Abolitionist' for one party is perhaps correct, so the name of 'Extensionist' may properly be applied to the party desirous of extending slavery. There is a large and powerful party of Americans, who are unfavorable to the principles of Abolitionists, yet seek to prevent, by fair means, the extension of slavery in our territories. Thereupon, their names should be 'Free Soilers,'—not 'Republicans.' To the party which calls itself 'Democratic,' may be given the name of"—here the Tattler paused, utterly at a loss to find the right name.

"Of Nondescripts," popped in the Chair.

"Nondescripts? Why so?" "Because it is difficult to describe the true political character of the *soi disant* Democrat, notwithstanding his perpetual ranting about Democracy. Doubtless, great is his love of what is essential to the happiness of his fellow citizens, and his solicitude for the fraternal unity of all the states. He,—Judge Douglas, for instance,—maintains most manfully the sacred rights of American freemen in territories."

"For this reason Douglas will make a most efficient President."

"Be this as it may," replied the Chair, "Hunter, a genuine patriot, though devoted to the Southern institutions, and Seward, one of the great luminaries of the Republican—rather say Free Soil—party, are none the less likely to prove worthy of the highest honors, which the Republic can confer on statesmen of undoubted abilities and pure patriotism, competent in every respect to perform the extremely arduous and responsible functions of the office. Yet Seward is neither more of a republican nor less of a democrat than Douglas or Hunter, if I understand you rightly."

"Yes, certainly you do," replied the Tattler.

"Then what is the most appropriate name for the party, to which Douglas and his kindred spirits belong,—since American Democracy is understood as signifying the Constitutional rights of all citizens?"

"It indeed requires an abler head than mine to decide it," answered the Tattler.

After a long debate between us on the various points of matter, concerning slavery, the powers of Congress in respect to the government of territories and the baneful influences of demagogism, the Chair demanded,—“How can the Genius of Demagogism be killed outright?”

"By creating a new Board of nominators for each party, selected from the best—most trustworthy Christian members of society, quite conversant with the politics of the day and the wants of the country in common. Their term of office should be ten years or longer if judged expedient. The said Board may be invested with proper powers of nominating persons for all the offices, municipal and legislative. Thus, they will naturally nominate none but persons of sterling worth and official ability; hence all the municipal and legislative halls will be filled with such men,—whatever be their creeds,—as will not fail to secure general confidence and harmony in our Union."

"'Tis a good plan," remarked the Chair. "It ought to be read by the public in other journals, and carried forth into operation 'PRO BONO PUBLICO.'"

The Tattler shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

New York, May 1860.

DEAF MUTE BIBLE CLASS IN BALTIMORE, M. D.

MR. EDITOR,—I think it proper to give you some account of the Bible Class of mutes which was formed here more than a year ago. In the first place, the mutes who take your paper speak highly of it. They sincerely hope that your enterprise will prosper continually, and be approved by all who are interested in it. Now I will give you some details of the Bible Class. Rev. Thomas Gallaudet came to this city in the middle of February, a year ago.

The mutes did not know that he was in town. Mr. G. wished to see the mutes, but he was quite a stranger, and it was very hard for him to find them. As he was perambulating a street, while it was getting quite dark, he happened to meet a gentleman who was engaged in conversation with a police officer on duty. Mr. G. inquired of the man if he knew any mute, and was answered in the negative. But fortunately the officer's attention was attracted, and he informed Mr. G. that he knew a deaf mute who lived in the vicinity. Mr. G. asked the officer if he would show him where to find the mute, and the officer accompanied him to a house where Mr. G. found a mute and his wife. The couple were taken by surprise at seeing the stranger and officer appear. Mr. G. asked them if they were deaf and dumb, and they replied in the affirmative. The couple asked him who he was, and were told that he was Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. The husband expressed his great surprise at seeing him look so much changed; he could scarcely recognise him, although he had seen him in New York a long while before. The mutes were greatly interested in conversation with Mr. G., who requested them to invite all mutes to Grace Church, to attend service, on the following evening (Friday). According to his request, all mutes were notified, and a number of them met at the church, notwithstanding the severity of the weather; snow having already fallen to

the depth of five or six inches, owing to which, the church was not much crowded. After divine service was over, Mr. G. introduced all of the mutes to Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., the Rector, who shook hands with them. Mr. G. informed Dr. Coxe, that some of the mutes wished to meet in a proper room to attend divine worship. Dr. Coxe told them that a new chapel would be built in the rear of Grace Church, and about seven thousand dollars were raised for the purpose of building it. The mutes agreed to meet at Grace Church, to attend worship, every Sunday afternoon; Mr. Samuel A. Adams, a good mute man, was chosen to lead the class. This class, in their attendance upon divine service, followed the arrangements of the book of Common Prayer. Last May, Mr. Adams was thrown out of employment, and thought that he must leave the city, and go to Va., with a view to seek employment.

Mr. A. found a popular and prominent young deaf mute, John Plummer Ijams, to succeed him as leader. Mr. Ijams was baptised and confirmed last year, and the choice gave the class much satisfaction. Mr. Ijams led the class till last March, when Mr. Adams again assumed the leadership of the class, which he has held till the present time. The class of mutes feel greatly interested in religious matters, and two of them were baptised on the 3rd inst., by Dr. Coxe.

On the 7th of this month, (April) thirty persons were confirmed at Grace Church, five of whom were mutes. Mr. Adams was one of the confirmed mutes.

Mr. Edward M. Gallaudet, Principal of the Columbia Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, was present on this occasion, with his wife; and a number of mutes also witnessed the solemn apostolic rite of confirmation. On the following day (Sunday afternoon) Mr. Gallaudet preached to the class at Grace Church. The class was greatly pleased with Mr. G. who explained the seventh chapter of Matthew, verses 24, 25, 26 & 27. The address delivered by Mr. G. was an admirable piece of pantomime indeed. Mr. G., was quite successful in applying to the Legislature of Md. to grant an appropriation for the benefit of the mute children, who should be sent to school, and Mr. G., picked up about twelve mute children in this city, to go to school. The mutes were called to hold a meeting, and they assembled at the house of one of their number, to organize a new society, called "Grace Bible Class of Mutes". A constitution was adopted, Mr. J. P. Ijams was nominated for the presidency, which he declined, and William H. Devoe was chosen president. Mr. Ijams was unanimously chosen Secretary and Treasurer. A new chapel was finished some months ago, and it is expected, that the Bible Class will attend service at the chapel, within a week or two.

I trust I have given you a full account of the Bible Class, and hope that you have been interested in it. I have nothing more to say. I fear that I have almost worn out your patience; for this letter is somewhat long; and I beseech you to overlook me.

SCRIBIT.

Baltimore, April, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—About the middle of last January, my wife planted two tomato seeds in each of four boxes, and tended them in the house. They grew nicely and one box has now (May 24th) a plant five feet high, with four branches full of leaves and buds, besides one tomato four and a quarter inches in circumference. Two other boxes have plants four feet five inches in height, two branches each, plenty of leaves and buds but no fruit. The fourth plant is twenty inches high, no branches, but bears a tomato five and one half inches in circumference. Can any of your readers beat the above in the same time, and can any of them tell me why the plants do not all grow alike, when they were planted and tended alike?

A.

For the Gallaudet Guide.

Mr. Editor:—At your request, I send you the names and brief sketches of old mutes, not mentioned in your paper.

Alexis Delarco, born at Madrid, Spain in 1621, was a celebrated portrait painter; he was well known under the name of El Sordillo de Pereda, because he was deaf and dumb, and a pupil of Pereda. He acquired very considerable reputation in painting, notwithstanding his natural defects; his drawings and coloring which are still in existence, are good. He died in 1700, aged 79.

Charles Francis Houbigout, a semi-mute, was born at Paris, 1686. I do not know how old he was, when afflicted with deafness. His learning was so extensive that he was honored with the most flattering marks of approbation by Pope Benedict XIV, and his countrymen. Among his numerous works, which are all in existence, is an edition of the Hebrew Bible with a Latin version and notes. He died in 1783 aged 98.

Allow me to say something about Burnet, a native of Geneva, referred to by Mr. Burnet. His first name was Theopolus. He was a successful physician, but after 40 years experience, he was afflicted with deafness, in consequence of which, he retired to literary ease. In his old age he published several valuable treatises on medicine. He died of a dropsy on the 29th of March, 1689, aged 69.

Some days since I was surprised to hear that a Swiss physician, by the name of John Conrad Anman, was successful in teaching the deaf to speak in France and Holland. He published an account of the method he pursued in two tracts called "surdus loques." He died at Amsterdam in 1730. His age unknown. I feel desirous of getting a copy of "surdus loques."

H. M. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Montrose, May, 1860.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

A VISIT TO A SCHOOL FOR DEAF MUTES.

You remember that I did not find the magnificent buildings, nor the active business of Hamburg its chief attraction, but a little clump of plain cottages in its suburbs, known as "Das Rauho Haus." So, in Berlin, I was less interested in its princely architecture, its gigantic collections, even its unparalleled exhibition of the genius of the statuary, than in the peculiar educational institutions of the city. My first visit was to the school for deaf mutes. The external appearance of the building, in such marked contrast to most of the public edifices of Berlin, and the comparatively small number of the pupils, disappointed me. Not so the internal administration, and the means employed to unstop the deaf ear and loose the tied tongue. Many years ago my interest was excited in this institution by reading the report of Horace Mann on European education, and that interest was not allayed by the general incredulity with which his statements were received. The opportunity I had enjoyed of meeting a deaf mute who had been taught to speak in such an institution, led me to fear that the popular unwillingness to believe in the miracle, was well founded. A morning spent among the children, in all departments, dissipated the apprehension entirely. The method, which consists in teaching the pupils to imitate the motions of the organs of speech which he sees when another speaks, is almost as old as the more generally diffused method of teaching them to express their thoughts by signs.

Heinse established the first school in the German method, as I may call it, in 1778 while the Abbe de l'Epe had introduced the pantomimic principle in 1760. At present there are about thirty institutions of the kind in Germany, in all of which the mutes are taught to articulate.

The German language is better adapted to such instruction than either the French or English, though I do not doubt that in both of these the experiment would succeed. Paradoxical as it may seem, a phonographic language, or one written according to sound, is best suited to the education of those who have no knowledge or conception of sound itself. But I am neglecting to exhibit the principles upon which this system of instruction is based. Every one knows that the words

of language are made up of a comparatively small number of elementary sounds; no language makes use of many more than forty of these. Every one can perceive that the difference between these sounds, between *p* and *f*, *s* and *m*, *a* and *o*, *i* and *u*, *et. etc.*, is easily made by one who has his hearing.

If then it is understood that each of these differences of sound is the result of certain differences in the position of the organs of the speech, which can be made sensible to the sight and feeling, it will not be difficult to conceive how a deaf mute, who lacks no sense but the sense of hearing, may be made to utter all the sounds which we hear in ordinary conversation. If he can be made to put his teeth, tongue, and lips into the right position, and lets his voice issue through them, he makes the right sound, as inevitable as he would produce the right note upon a flute if he touched the corresponding stops. The ordinary child in learning to talk, often fails to bring its untutored organs into the proper position, but its ear tells of its mistake, and but by repeated trials, at last it schools its little lips to pronounce the charming "papa" and "mamma," that make it at once a genius in the eyes of its parents. The deaf child is without this check upon its errors, but a skillful, and above all, a patient teacher may supply its place.

A description of the actual course of instruction will perhaps give the best idea of the system. Let us suppose ourselves in the primary class in the school. We see the teacher sitting with a bright little girl of five or six years, looking intently in his face. He directs her attention to his mouth, puts her hand upon his breast, and utters a simple sound, *ah*, for example. The child hears no sound, but she feels the motion as he speaks. The teacher then puts the child's hand upon her own breast, and by signs, explains to her that she is to make the same motion. She imitates, but probably gets no nearer than to say *A*, or *E*. The teacher shakes his head: he calls the attention of his little pupil to the opening of his mouth, the position of his tongue, and asks her to make another effort. She tries again and again, sometimes approaching, sometimes receding from the goal; but finally she reaches it, and then with encouraging looks and caresses, she is rewarded for her perseverance and success. As soon as she can make the sound at will,

a tablet is shown her upon which the letter is printed, and she is taught to make that sound, or rather that motion, wherever she sees the character. The simplest sounds, those made by the lips, as *p*, *b*, *f*, *v*, &c., are taught first, then the easier vowels, and as the child becomes more proficient, the more difficult are attempted. At the same time that they learn to make the sounds themselves, the pupils have to study the lips of the teacher, and read what he says therefrom. The simple sounds, and their typical representatives learned, the next thing for the pupils is to study their combinations, so that from *n*, *o*, they may make *no*; from *p*, *ah*, *pa*, etc. In this way they form first monosyllables, representatives of the most common objects, as boy, cat, cap, &c., and afterwards proceed to more complex combinations. The manner in which the elements are brought together to make a word, will be readily understood by every one who has ever attended a lesson on Phonography. As soon as a word is learned, a card is shown, upon which a picture of the object, and its name, are painted, and the sound they have just learned, and the word they see, are impressed upon their memory as the vocal and typical representative of the thing. As soon as they are acquainted with a considerable number of words, and know for what they stand, they are taught to form sentences. Here they encounter an important difficulty. There are many words required in the formation of sentences, verbs, articles, and connectives, that cannot well be represented by pictures. This difficulty is obviated by teaching the meaning of the whole sentence. The pupil reads the sentence, "The cat catches the rat," but knows not what it means. He is shown a picture representing it, and thus learns the meaning of the word *CATCH*. In this way the wide circle of the operations of daily life are gradually taught. The child can now convey his ideas to his fellow pupils; he can gather instruction from his book, and with eager eye he draws wisdom from the lips of his teacher. He is now, to a certain extent, in the condition of a child in an ordinary school, except that his eye must do the duty of the ear. In the higher classes you hear the children reading from their

reading books, reciting their lessons in Geography, Grammar, History, &c., demonstrating their examples in Arithmetic, asking questions, and replying to questions as if in possession of all their senses. It is true, that one would soon suspect that these children were in some respects different from those he has met in the common schools, but he would be at a loss to say in what that difference consisted if he did not know that he was in an institution for deaf mutes. The teachers speak very deliberately and distinctly, but not with such a marked difference from ordinary speech that one would notice it elsewhere. There is a harsh monotony in the voices of most of the children that is rather disagreeable, but I found no difficulty in understanding all they said, and there were two or three who spoke so naturally, that if I had heard them in the street, I should not have suspected their want of hearing.

It must be admitted that an institution conducted on this principle lacks some of the interest, or perhaps I should say excitement, which is found in the ordinary institutions for this class of unfortunate. You miss the wildly animated countenances as they relate their little histories to each other, the flexible features brilliant with electric light, their hands fluttering as a humming-bird upon the wing. It is only in the younger classes here, that you see this liveliness, when the countenance of the child is brim full with delight at the conquest of a great difficulty.

Though the main object of the institution is to teach spoken language, that of pantomime is not excluded. In the very nature of the case it could not be, for in the earliest stages of instruction, much of the intercourse between teachers must be conducted in this way. Among the children themselves, even in the upper classes, it seems to be used very extensively.

It seems strange that no attempt has been made to introduce the system into England or America. It brings the mute into such easy and satisfactory relations with the speaking world, that I think their can be no question of its superiority over the French method. By the language of pantomime, the deaf and dumb may have a more varied and copious language among themselves, but beyond the narrow limit of their own communities they are paralyzed, except as they use the tedious and unsatisfactory slate and pencil.

This bar between them and their more fortunate fellow creatures, shuts them out from many positions for which they would be well qualified, and must ever be an annoyance and serious drawback to their happiness. As an illustration of this, if so evident a proposition needs an illustration, I refer a little pamphlet, "Deaf mutes in the 19th century," which I read in the deaf and dumb institution in Paris, in which one of this class argues the propriety and advantage of making pantomime a branch of study in all schools, partly with a view of enabling every one to converse with his fellow sufferers, and partly as a universal language. He seemed to have no fear that different nations might agree upon a different pantomime. His first object reminds one very strongly of *De-op's* story of a certain fox who lost his tail. The German plan of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak like others, strikes me as decidedly more practical and practicable.

It has been said that it is impossible to apply the system to the English language, on account of the inconsistency between its spelling and pronunciation. Though I am prepared to admit the manifold sins of my mother tongue in this respect, I do not believe they reach this extent. The language is capable of being exhibited in phonetic characters, and in this dress would be more easily taught than the German. In this way the spoken language, at least, might be taught, and if, as recent experiments seem to show, the transition from phonetic to ordinary reading is very easy, the written language would present little difficulty. And when that happy day comes, when our simple, rich and vigorous language shall cast off its tattered and patched garment, and arrays itself in one of more modern and reasonable fashion, than nei her deaf nor speaking children will be obliged to make this transaction.

BROOM MAKING.—At the Deaf and Blind Institution, at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, they have gone into the manufacture of brooms, so that there will be no use of sending North for the article. An order for 12,000 is now being filled there for Richmond, Va.—Boston Herald.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.

A French veteran with one arm was seated before the door of his neat cottage one pleasant evening in July.

He was surrounded by several village lads; who with one voice entreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, and wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:

"In my time boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no, when we fought, it was for the honor of France and against her enemies. Well, my story begins with the 9th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma.

We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept a respectable distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians and Bavarians, put together. For the last few days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should be certain of finding food, fire and shoes; but in the mean time we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

We had marched about six hours, without pausing to take breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the corpses of our frozen comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign.

I walked behind my captain; he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true, as true as his own sword blade. We called him Captain Positive, for when he once said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind.

He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale, while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs, were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"Marble! captain," said I, bending over him, "you can't lie there."

"You see that I can, because I do," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus, and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me and tried to walk, but in vain; he fell once more, dragging me with him.

"John," said he, "'tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go—at Vereppe, near Grenoble, lived a good woman, eighty-four years old, my—my mother. Go to her, see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all."

"Is that all captain?"

"I said so. Good bye, and make haste."

Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks.

"No, captain," cried I, "I won't leave you—either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you."

"I forbid you staying."

"Captain, you might as well forbid a woman's talking."

"If I escape I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow."

"Very likely, captain, but you must come with me."

He bit his lip with anger but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burden I could not move as fast as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, and could perceive nothing but the white, silent plain around me.

I moved on and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping toward me; their lances in rest, and shouting their fiendish war cry.

The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him.

I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades, having however, my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies.

Presently one of the rude beasts placed his foot upon my left arm and crushed it to pieces. Boys, I did not say a word: I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth, to keep down the cry of torture, and in a few minutes the Cossacks disappeared.

When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which offered a sort of shelter, and then lay down next to him, wrapping my capote around me.

Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rear guards had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence, were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, who were devouring the dead bodies.

God knows what things were passing in my bosom that night, which I thought would be my last on earth. But I remembered, the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side, and kneeling down I said it fervently.

Boys, it did me good and always remember that sincere and earnest prayer will do you good to.

I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place beside the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite benumbed when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address the foremost—a low sized man, dressed in fur pelisse, stepped toward me saying—

"What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I pointing first to the captain and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth sire," said one of his followers. I saw him marching behind the column, carrying the officer on his back."

The Emperor—for, boys it was he—gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said—

"Tis well—you have done well."

Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it to me.

That moment I was no longer cold nor hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if the ill-natured beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," said the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, "cause the man and captain to be placed in the ammunition wagon, Adieu!" And waving his hand toward me he passed on.

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us about the cross, and what about Captain Positive," cried several impatient voices.

The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was that as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears, and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promised me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon of boys—I wear that in my buttonhole, but the cross near my heart."

And unbuttoning his coat the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended around his neck.

Knowledge, if neglected, is poison. Food, if undigested, is poison.

A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes—like a dead wasp.

Moderation is the silken string, running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

In France, last year, marked cases of pleuro-nomania were completely cured in twelve days by the use of sulphate of iron.

DEATHS.

In Amherst, N. H., Ella Francis, youngest daughter of John O. David, aged 16 mos.

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